

TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1889.

Lake & Barnes,
REAL ESTATE,
Loan & Insurance Agents,
—AND DEALERS IN—
REAL ESTATE.
Make Loans!

If either home or eastern money on short notice and easy terms, on good security. Have your property exchanged for farm land, or for town property. Small farms for exchange for larger ones; large farms for smaller ones.

Office South Side of Public Square, MEXICO, MO.

The coal miners of Vandalia are on a strike.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Lee, a daughter.

Miss Ella Rose, of St. Louis, is visiting in Mexico.

Dr. Emmett Bridgford, of St. Louis, is in town.

Read the letter of Mr. Ferris on the second page.

Adolph Kaith has returned from a business trip to St. Louis.

The Fulton-Mexico picnic will take place at Auxvasse on the 10th instant.

Mr. Ferris addresses the Wheelers on the second page of to-day's paper.

The post-office will be open on the Fourth from 7 to 8 a. m. and from 2 to 3 p. m.

Wheelers must not fail to notice the card of G. L. Ferris on the second page of the LEDGER.

At the Building and Loan Association meeting Monday night, G. L. Wright \$1,000 at \$10 per share.

Willard Potts sold his fine rooster, Squirrel, to Hon. Sol Hughes, of Wellsville, Mo., for \$200.

Rev. A. M. Vardeman will build a splendid residence in Highland. The property will face Jefferson street.

Mrs. G. M. Carroll and Mrs. Wm. Llewellyn are going to erect a brick green house on the former's lot at once.

The National Bank declared a 6 per cent. semi-annual dividend, 1 per cent. of which went to the surplus, which now amounts to \$7,000.

Elder H. B. Davis was recently presented with a magnificent gold watch by his two sons. The timepiece is one of the finest in the city.

W. R. Dudley last week found two bee trees which contained about 200 pounds of honey. He says he never knew wild bees so plentiful.

A swarm of bees came in through a window at the residence of Mr. John Crews and went into a hive which was being used as a bench in the sitting room.

A mad dog created great excitement on Bean Creek last Saturday, and when last seen was headed for Mexico. He bit dogs belonging to Louis Hubert and others, all of which were killed.

H. R. Taft is in Mexico representing Parsons & Potter, the biggest glove house in New York. Hank has had a pleasant vacation and enjoyed thoroughly the money he won on Harrison.

Miss Kate Ringo royally entertained a large company of friends at her home north of this city Thursday night. Messrs. John O'Rear and John Arnold were among those who attended from Mexico.

We call special attention to the advertisement in this week's WEEKLY LEDGER, of T. J. Smith, breeder of pure-bred Poland-China swine. Mr. Smith's transactions are all thoroughly business-like in their nature and we recommend him.

While the thunder storm was in progress Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Frank Wheeler, of East Liberty street, was severely shocked by a bolt of lightning. The lady was thrown from her feet and rendered partially unconscious. Her injuries are not serious.

Rev. T. M. Walton returned from St. Louis this week, where he took his wife to have her eyes operated upon. Mrs. Walton is staying at the Baptist Sanitarium in St. Louis and we are glad to know she is doing finely.

Mrs. H. A. Ricketts and daughter, Miss Julia Ricketts, went to St. Louis Monday. Miss Ricketts will join Mrs. Tom Carter in that city and proceed to Rock Bridge Springs and Old Point Comfort, Virginia, for the summer.

A lady living near a church was sitting by a window listening to the crickets, and also to the choir in full blast. "How loudly they sing to-night!" said a gentleman calling on her. "Yes," said the lady, thinking of the crickets, "and they say they do it with their hind legs."

Under the management of Baskin & Ferris, the Ferris House has been reopened, rebuilt and refitted throughout. The name has been changed and in the future, this popular house will be known as the Commercial Hotel. Messrs. Sam Baskin and Tom Roberts, the general landlords, will have personal charge of the house, and it will do a deservedly large business.

MILLER MUST HANG.

Tho Murderer of Samuel Aggar Sentenced.

His Partner in Crime Sent to Jefferson City for Fifty Years—Miller Talks.

John Miller must pay the penalty of his crime. If the solemn sentence of the Court, made Tuesday afternoon, is carried out, he will on Friday, August 23, be hanged by the neck until he is dead. Promptly at 1 o'clock Miller and Mortimer were led into the court room and were given seats within the railing. Judge Hughes was in his seat and the moment the large audience was stilled, he quietly announced that the motion for a new trial for John Miller had been overruled. He followed with reasons for his action.

THE PRISONER SENTENCED.
"John Miller will be brought up," said the Judge.

The murderer arose and stood facing the Court.
"John Miller," said the Judge, "have you anything to say why the sentence of this Court should not be passed upon you?"

"I have, sir," was the response. Then in a manner so strikingly cool as to bring forth smothered exclamations of wonder from the audience, the murderer calmly began to talk. As he proceeded, his manner became positively dramatic. His gestures were good and the talk throughout was one of force. It did not seem like the grasp of a drowning man at a straw.

On the contrary, slowly and calmly, with as much eloquence as he possesses and with such language as he commands, he appealed to the Court for mercy. "If the Court please," he began, "I was and am a poor man. My wife was sick and for this reason I was forced to occupy a house with another family. I was forced to rent half of my house, and this man Mortimer came to live with me. I have tried to live in an upright manner and I think I can now truthfully say before God that I never harmed a man. I am without sin. God knows this. I am speaking the truth. All the acts of my life are of purity and innocence and my good works are well known. I am ready to accept any punishment the Court may deem it best to inflict. God will punish his children no more than they can bear and my shoulders are strong enough for anything that you will put on them. I have been upright, honest, humble—a Christian, humble to my God. This man has taken my life to save his own. I have harmed no man and God knows I am innocent of this crime."

When Miller had finished, Judge Hughes said: "You have had a fair and impartial trial and I see no reason why the sentence of the Court should not follow."

THE SENTENCE.
"John Miller, you will be taken back to jail, there to remain until Friday, August 16, on which day you will be hanged by the neck until you are dead." The prisoner did not move a muscle. He even seemed to part his lips in a smile as the solemn words were spoken. A death-like stillness pervaded the room and for a minute no word was spoken. Then Miller raised his hand as if to speak, but an officer led him across the dock to seat on the west side of the room. After making an entry on his records, Judge Hughes addressed George Mortimer, who stood a few feet distant at his right.

"George Mortimer, have you anything to say?"

"No, sir," was the simple response.

"The sentence of the court is," continued the Judge, "that you be confined in the penitentiary for a term of fifty years."

THE DATE CHANGED.
Judge Forrist, Miller's lawyer, asked that the day of execution be put further off, in order that he might be given time to prepare a bill of exceptions. The court then changed the day to August 23, one week later.

A STAY GRANTED.
Judge Hughes granted a stay of execution in the case until the Supreme Court renders an opinion, which will likely be early in the coming year.

If you are a Wheeler, read Mr. Ferris' letter on page two to-day.

Wm. Douglass, charged with burglary and larceny, was tried Monday, Jesse for the State and Bryan for the defense. The jury, which was as follows, hung: Wm. Johnson, Frank Carter, Wm. Jones, T. Board, C. Ragdale, G. T. Hook, W. J. Sims, S. S. Callaway, Wm. Lane, Harry Reed, J. S. Wilson, Strother Williams. The jury stood 11 for conviction with one for acquittal. C. Ragdale said he did not think the evidence sufficient to convict and stood out till the last.

Mr. Ferris has something to say to all Wheelers on page two.

Live Stock News.
Arthur Brown sent to St. Louis a mixed lot.

J. R. Johnson shipped a car of hogs to St. Louis.

Fry & Son sent a car of sheep to St. Louis Monday night.

Botts & Wallace shipped a car of cattle to St. Louis this week.

J. T. Johnson shipped a car of two year old butchers to St. Louis this week.

Wheelers, read what Mr. Ferris has to say to you on second page.

GO TO BARTH'S
FOR ALL KINDS OF
Summer Clothing!
LARGEST LINE OF
Fine Flannel Shirts
Ever brought to Mexico.
Flannel Coats and Vests.
Linen Wash Suits.
Fine line Straw Hats.

Neckwear, Hats and Caps of the latest styles and designs, with LOW PRICES for everybody.

Joe & Vic Barth
At the "Golden Eagle."

"BUTCHER" McNEIL.

The Brute of Palmyra Sets up a Defence.

TWO VIEWS OF THE TERRIBLE AFFAIR, REMARKABLE IN THEIR POSITIVENESS.

Pete Donan's Splendid Article in the Lexington "Caucasian" and McNeil's Contradictory Appeal in the "Century."

The Century Magazine for July contains a letter written by Butcher John McNeil in defense of his action in murdering ten men at Palmyra in 1862. He says:

"The fact is, that while I was at the time a brigadier-general of Missouri State troops, I held a commission as colonel of the 2d Missouri cavalry, a regiment of State militia mustered into the United States service. As such, I had been assigned June 4, 1862, by the department commander, General Schofield, to command the district of Northeast Missouri and instructed by him to 'take the field in person and exterminate the rebel bands' infesting that section. General Schofield expressly enjoined: 'Do not be too moderate in the measure of severity dealt out to them. Carry out General Orders No. 18 and No. 3, thoroughly.' It will be seen that I was acting directly under Federal authority as an officer of the United States army and in accordance with my official instructions as such. Moreover, the ten guerrillas executed (not one of whom but had committed murder under circumstances of atrocity) were selected from twenty-two who had been formally tried by a United States military commission and sentenced to death, so that their death was but hastened by the act of retaliation, the remaining twelve of the twenty-two convicted being shot in pursuance of their sentence by the officers in command at Macon City and Mexico. Nor was there any unseemly haste in this carrying out the sentence already pronounced against these unfortunate men. Public notice was given that the ten men would be shot unless within ten days the abducted Union citizens (Andrew Allsman, seventy-years of age and a non-combatant) was returned unharmed to his family. During that period of ten days, my ranking officer, General Lewis Merrill, of the regular army, and General Curtis, who had succeeded General Schofield in command of the district of Missouri, September 26, 1862, were fully advised of my action."

"Such an investigation of this affair as President Lincoln made before appointing me a brigadier-general (November, 1863) will convince an unbiased inquirer that my action spring from neither 'mistaken zeal' or 'uncurbed passion,' as my present critics infer, but from an imperative sense of duty. Since the issue of the April Century an interview with General Merrill has appeared in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, in which he relates that he was summoned by telegraph to report to the President, and immediately replying to Washington, ignorant of the reason for summons, appeared before President Lincoln at a time when the members of the cabinet were seated about him. General Merrill proceeded as follows:

"It was ordered to report to you, President," I said, after being presented."

"Yes, General. I want to inquire about that shooting in Missouri."

"I can give you a written report in a few minutes that will explain all, I said."

"I don't want anything in writing, General. I want you to tell me the story."

"I told it to him as I have to you, with this addition: 'I telegraphed you my approval of the order and asking you, Mr. President, to issue the order yourself, but I asked in vain; and as it was a necessity, I took the responsibility. It was my duty, and I have never felt a twinge of conscience that suggested I did other than right to my trust.'"

"The President came up, laid his hand on my shoulder, and said: 'Remember, young man, there are some things which should be done which it would not do for superiors to order done.' By his manner I inferred that had he ordered me to do what it was essential for me to do, political complications would have arisen which would have been troublesome. He evidently meant that he justified my course himself, but preferred not saying so, and left me to understand that my judgment was trusted, and to be exercised by me in emergency."

"Having thus the indorsement of both the officers who were my immediate superiors, the implied approval of President Lincoln (who too tender heart forbade ordering retaliation even for the Fort Pillow massacre, and cherishing as I do, the firm conviction that my action was the means of saving the lives and property of hundreds of loyal men and women, I feel that my act was the performance of a public duty."

"JOHN McNEIL."

"Late Brev. Maj.-Gen., U. S. Vols, St. Louis."

Another View of It.
In describing the Palmyra affair, Pete Donan, writing in the Lexington Caucasian in 1870, says:

There was our poor, handsome, gallant boyhood friend, Tom Sider, as pure a soul as ever winged its flight from blood-stained sod.

Poor Tom! He was a model, a paragon of manly grace and beauty, so exquisitely formed, features so perfect and so fair, so brave and yet so gentle, that even Editor Winchell, now publisher of the Hannibal Courier, said that "in his beauty and his wickedness he reminded him of Absalom." Poor fellow! He was engaged to be married to a young lady in Monroe county. When he learned that he was to be shot, he sent for his wedding suit, which had just been made, declaring that if he couldn't be married in it he intended to die in it.

Arrayed in his elegant black broadcloth and his white silk vest, when he mounted his horse plumed coffin in the wagon that was to bear him to death, he looked as if he were going to be married instead of shot. The very guards cried like children when they bade him good-bye.

Raising his cap and bowing to the weeping women who lined the streets, he was driven from their sight forever. Half an hour afterward six musket balls had pierced his noble heart, and his white silk wedding-vest was torn and dyed in his martyr blood!

There was poor old Willis Baker, his head whitened with the snows of more than 70 winters—heroic old man! With his white hair streaming in the wind, he seated himself on his rude coffin and died without a shudder, refusing, with his last breath, to forgive his executioners, and swearing that he would "meet them and torment them in hell, through all eternity!"

There was that helpless, half-idiot boy from Lewis county, who allowed himself to be blindfolded; then hearing Sider and the others refuse, slipped up one corner of his bandage, and seeing the rest with their eyes uncovered, removed the handkerchief from his own, and died as innocent as a lamb.

There were Humstead and Bixler, Lake and McPheeters.

And there was that most wonderful martyr of all—young Smith of Knox county—who died for another man.

Humphreys was the doomed man. His heart-broken wife, in widow's weeds, with her helpless little ones in deep mourning, that was only less black than the anguish they endured, or the heart of him to whom they appealed, rushed to the feet of McNeil, and in accents so piteous that a soul of adamant must have melted under it, besought him for the life of the husband and father.

She was brutally repulsed, but Strachan, the monster of Shelby county whom the angel of God a few months afterward smote with Herodian rotteness and worms—Strachan, whose flesh literally putrefied and fell from his living skeleton at New Orleans—Strachan, who has long been paying in the deepest, blackest, hottest hell the penalty of his crimes, was proved marshal.

He saw the frantic agony of the woman, called her into his office

and told her he would save her husband if she would give him \$300 and then submit. But off! humanity shudders, sickens, at the horrid proposal!

The wretched, half-crazed, agonized wife, not knowing what she did, acceded to save her husband's life, and the next morning she was found lying distracted and nearly dead, with her babe at her breast, near the public spring at Palmyra. And after all this her husband was only released on condition that another should be shot in his place. Young Smith was selected.

And then ensued a contest without a parallel in all the 6,000 years of human history.

Humphreys refused to let any man die in his stead; declared he should feel himself a murderer if he did.

Smith protested he was only a poor orphan boy, and so far as he knew, there was not a soul on earth to grieve for him; that Humphreys had a large family dependent upon him from daily bread, and it was his duty to live while he could.

And Smith, the simple country lad, only 17 years old, the hero without a peer on all fame's mighty scroll, took his seat on his rough board and was shot.

Read the letter of Mr. G. L. Ferris on the second page.

Obituary.
Elizabeth J. Engle, the daughter of Hiram and Elizabeth Engle, was born the 7th day of November 1844. She professed a hope in Christ, and was baptized by Elder Taylor into the fellowship of the Buck Creek Baptist Church, in Monroe county, when she was a girl.

She bore with uncomplaining patience, her long and tedious illness of nearly five months duration. A few days before her death she said to the writer, "I am trusting Jesus; I have no fears for the future." To her aged father and her sister she gave repeated and assured evidence of her readiness to die.

On the morning of the 28th of June she quietly breathed her last, and her spirit went up to her Saviour's presence.

After religious services at the home, conducted by her pastor, her body was laid away in the cemetery of the Littlefield Baptist Church. May God comfort the hearts of all bereaved ones left behind.

The second page contains something of interest to Wheelers.

MARTINSBURG MATTERS.
Correspondence of the LEDGER.

MARTINSBURG, Mo., July 3.—Dr. Chas. Col returned from Martinsburg Sunday.

Mrs. Maggie Douglass is visiting in Hannibal.

Miss Ella Hays, of Jefferson City, is visiting friends here.

Misses Minnie Romans and Miss Della Douglass returned from Auxvasse Monday.

Miss Minnie Jones returned from Sedalia last Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Boen closed a week's meeting at the Christian Church with eleven additions.

About forty Texas ponies have been sold in and around Martinsburg in the last two or three weeks.

An infant child of Mrs. Bowers, south of town, died very suddenly on July 1st.

Grandma Cahall, of Moberly, is visiting Mrs. Lizzie Perry.

Obituary.
Susan A. Boswell, wife of Wm. Boswell, and daughter of Jacob and Parmelia Kurtz, was born in Howard county, Mo., June 31, 1835. She professed religion in 1853, and was married to Wm. Boswell, July 28, 1857, removing to Audrain with her husband in 1858. They settled near Thompson, where they lived until her death, June 27, 1889. She leaves a husband and two children to mourn her loss. She died peacefully happy; said she knew she was going home to glory where parting comes no more. She had a number of friends and will be missed by them.

County Wheel.
Audrain County Agricultural Wheel will meet in regular quarterly session, with Elm Grove Wheel No. 766, ten miles west and four miles north of Laddonia, eleven miles north of Mexico and four miles east of Molino, near Mexico and Florida road July 13, 1889. Day and night session.

J. P. VERKAMP, Pres.
J. W. MIDDLETON, Sec'y.

Mr. Ferris writes a letter of interest to all Wheelers. Read it on the second page.

The parols carried in the United States cost \$14,000,000 annually. Think how many cigars that money would buy for the men.

Hand made Track Harness at C. Ragdale & Co's, at 15, to 20, 25, 30, and \$50. 8-4t

Misses Florence Martin and Nora Slate, of Columbia, and Miss Mattie Carter, of this city, made us a pleasant call to-day.

Call and see those \$10 hand made Harness at C. Ragdale & Co's.

Mortimer was taken to Jefferson City yesterday. His time will be out July 4th, 1893.

Arthur Reid, of Slater, is visiting relatives here. He plays with the Mexico Band at Centralia to-day.

Beware! Beware!
From the Union City (N. J.) Standard. He said 'twill go longer. If I put in more powder. But a spark through the throttle Exploded the bottle. And the daisies now wave At the head of the grave.

Brooks & Frost have an unlimited supply of money to loan on farming lands in any sums desired, and at a very low rate of interest. Office next door north of Southern Bank, up-stairs. 11-ly

Miss Anna Baker, of Fulton, will spend the Fourth in this city the guest of Miss Myrtle Tucker.

Gentlemen's FINE SILK Umbrellas!
At Low Down Prices.

Hot Weather Goods

Gent's Flannel Shirts

NECKWEAR.

And Fine Furnishings, &c.

ALL KINDS OF WHITE GOODS.

THE 'FAMOUS' Carpets

C. E. Purnell, PROPRIETOR.

THE 'FAMOUS' Crochet and Marseilles Bed Spreads!

New and Beautiful Designs.

Table Linens and Towels, A Large and Fine Assortment.

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Table Linens and Towels, A Large and Fine Assortment.

"FAMOUS" LADIES' Silk Umbrellas
ALWAYS LEADS IN STYLE. NEVER FOLLOWS
—AND ALL KINDS OF—
Parasols.

THE 'FAMOUS' Crochet and Marseilles Bed Spreads!

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